Volume LXXXV CHICAGO, March 4, 1920 Number 1

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

THE concrete problems of our age are social problems—capital and labor, wealth and poverty, the wage-system, industrial accidents; the over-shadowing question of our day is the social question—the relations of men with one another in the world that now is; the dominating passion of our age is the social passion—the desire to serve those who are in need, to heal those who are bruised, to liberate those who are bound by chains of ignorance and want; the controlling ideal of our day is the social ideal, which embodies itself in practical endeavors after material comfort, mental efficiency, moral strength, and spiritual happiness for all men and women upon the earth.

—*John Haynes Holmes.*

The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church.

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EDITORS
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITH LLOYD JONES

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXV THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1920 NUMBER 1

A PRAYER FOR THE PAST.

All sights and sounds of day and year,
All groups and forms, each leaf and gem,
Are thine, O God, nor will I fear
To talk to Thee of them.

Too great Thy heart is to despise,
Whose day girds centuries about;
From things which we name small, Thine eyes
See great things looking out.

Therefore, the prayerful song I sing
May come to Thee in ordered words:
Though lowly born, it needs not cling
In terror to its chords.

I think that nothing made is lost;
That not a moon has ever shone,
That not a cloud my eyes hath crossed
But to my soul is gone.

That all the lost years garnered lie
In this Thy casket, my dim soul;
And Thou wilt, once, the key apply,
And show the shining whole.

But were they dead in me, they live
In Thee, Whose Parable is—Time,
And Worlds, and Forms—all things that give
Me thoughts, and this my rime.

. . . . . .

Father, in joy our knees we bow;
This earth is not a place of tombs:
We are but in the nursery now;
They in the upper rooms.

For are we not at home in Thee,
And all this world a visioned show;
That, knowing what Abroad is, we
What Home is too may know?

—*George MacDonald.*

Why is it that persons, so earnest in their professions of belief in freedom, so often fail to live up to this belief as a matter of practice? Why, in a so-called free church, is a minister ever persecuted for his opinions? Why, in a supposedly free country, are we busy in arresting and imprisoning and deporting men and women whose only crime is that of maintaining unpopular ideas? It is strange that with so much profession of freedom there should go so much practice of oppression. And yet, not strange! For few indeed are the exponents of freedom who have ever stopped to estimate the cost of freedom. This precious boon of liberty is not to be had for nothing. It is not a jewel to be picked up loosely in the streets. Like the Roman citizenship of Paul, it is "purchased with a great price." Freedom means hazard—the hazard of controversy, of disagreement, of dangerous opinion. Freedom exacts Shylock's pound of flesh in terms of heresy and rebellion. Freedom involves *freedom*—by which is meant the right of the mind to wander where it wishes, speak what it feels, and reach what goal it can. It is just this, now, which is forgotten by, or is unknown to, the ordinary champion of this great ideal. He labors under the superstition that liberty means universal conformity with his own particular ideas, for he cannot understand a free mind coming to any other conclusion on controverted issues than that which he himself so dearly cherishes. Sooner or later, however, he discovers that liberty grants to all men a license to disagree. Freedom can be had only at a price—the price of non-conformity. This means the testing of conviction. Are we willing to pay this price? And most of us, alas, say No!

More and more is it becoming apparent, with every report that is being published and every confession that is being made, that the Great War is recognized to have been a failure. It accomplished no one of the great ideals to which it was dedicated—it neither ended war, nor made the world safe for democracy. There is point as well as infinite pathos to the statement of Dean Inge of St. Paul's, made in reference to the brave youths sleeping their last sleep on the battlefields of France, "We must hope that in the paradise of brave men the knowledge is mercifully hidden from them that they died in vain." This is the truth—and yet we doubt if it is the whole truth! There is another phase of the situation—and in this phase the War seems not to have been a failure, and the soldiers not to have died in vain. For the conflict against Germany accomplished one great thing—it taught anew the failure of war as a method of defending or advancing the highest interests of the race, the futility of force as a means to a good end. There seems something inexpressibly ghastly in the sacrifice of so many millions of precious lives, with nothing to show for it in terms of larger freedom or securer peace. But suppose that this sacrifice had brought to us fulfillment of our best desires. Would this not have been even more ghastly, for would it not have justified war as a way of serving human welfare? Would not the very boons attained have given sanction to struggle, bloodshed and violent death? This War was not fought in vain, if we read its lesson aright. The failure of the War marks the success of the War. The fact that the young men died in vain is the best proof that they died not in vain. War stands today discredited—and this is the best of all achievements.

The more the Covenant of the League of Nations is discussed in the United States Senate, the more tangled becomes the situation, and the more hopeless a satisfactory settlement. Nor is the explanation far to seek! What the Senators are vainly trying to do is to make good what is by its very nature bad. The so-called League is not a league at all but an armed alliance, and no number of reservations, however large or carefully drawn, will ever make it other than such an alliance. The purpose of the League is the enslavement of Germany, and the permanent maintenance of an imperialistic order dominated by the military powers triumphant in the late War; and no changes, however drastic, can give to this arrangement so much even as the color, to say nothing of the reality, of international democracy. The acceptance of the League by the Senate, will make the United States a partner to a compact of shame and infamy; and no interpretations of such action can relieve the nation of guilt. The Covenant, after all, is nothing more nor less than the crowning dishonor of the Paris Conference. It provides in the League a device not for the establishment of peace and order, but for the subjection of the world to the political and economic mastery of the Allies. Nothing can justify this arrangement—its evils are altogether beyond correction. The duty of the United States in the premises remains the same today as when defined by UNITY some weeks ago in these columns. First, reject the Treaty, and repudiate the Covenant of the League of Nations! Secondly, declare a state of peace to exist between America and Germany, and thus bring hostilities formally to an end! Thirdly, summon a new conference of the nations, to establish a genuine League which shall outlaw War, establish a court for the hearing and settlement of all international disputes, and abolish armaments. It is inspiring to note that Senator France of Maryland, one of the most enlightened members of the upper house of Congress, has introduced a resolution declaring the war with Germany at an end, and appropriating fifteen millions (15,000,000) of dollars for the holding of a great international council for the consideration of a new covenant of peace. When debate in the Senate has exhausted itself in the futility of trying to make President Wilson's Treaty anything other than it is, we hope that the Senators will adopt this France resolution as the one efficacious and honorable way out of existing difficulties.

The National League of Woman Voters amply justified its existence, and gave new and impressive argument for woman suffrage by its action taken at the recent convention in Chicago, in opposition to compulsory universal military training. Advocates of this abomination were of course present and in fighting trim; but their efforts to commit the women voters of this country to a permanent policy of militarism, were all in vain. Twice they forced this question to an issue, and twice they were soundly beaten. The resolution opposing military training was passed by a large vote, and its reconsideration flatly refused. During the War, the attitude of the women of Europe and America was a shocking disappointment to all idealists. Latzko, in his "Men in War," formulated an indictment of this attitude which will never be forgotten. But this acquiescence of the mothers of men in the slaughter of the battlefield was after all only a part of the universal madness which seized the world in 1914. Now that this madness is passing, women may be trusted to recover their appointed mission to lead the van in the struggle against war and preparation for war. The enfranchisement of women must in the long run serve as one of the most potent forces making for peace on earth.

It is not surprising, perhaps, that the idea of compulsory universal military training should be meeting with increasing opposition throughout the country. There was never a time when the possibility of war was so remote. Europe is in ruins, absolutely dependent upon loans and importations of foodstuffs from America, for survival. To keep the friendship of this nation is a condition of existence—to alienate her goodwill, to say nothing of declaring war against her, would be suicide. Of all the great powers of the world, only Japan can be regarded as a possible foe; but a nation which feels itself incompetent to cross swords with the Bolsheviki in Siberia, need not be greatly feared at this distance. On the other hand, not only is war remote to a degree never known before in our history, but our preparation for it is unprecedented. Where are the young men whom we trained with such success during the period of the Great War? What has become of the vast machine which we constructed at such enormous expense at that time? We all laughed at Mr. Bryan when some years ago he opposed preparedness on the ground that, in case of war, a million men would spring to arms between dawn and sunset. But that remark, so ridiculous yesterday, is literally true today. The fact of the matter is, our military training advocates have no case; they are simply men who, like the Junkers of Prussia, believe in militarism for its own sake. That the American people are ready to surrender themselves without reason to the imperialism of this selfish group, has yet to be shown.

When an honest man looks at the churches these days, we get some facts which are startling, to say the least. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton of New York, recently returned from a three years pastorate at the City Temple in London, has been studying the present religious situation in this country, and he blurts right

out in public what he has discovered. "Twenty per cent of the pastors," he says, "who were with us before the War, have resigned to enter other occupations." Again, "Of the 110,000,000 people in the United States, not more than 44,000,000 attend services in any religious denomination"—a very liberal estimate, in our opinion! Still again, "There are today 3,000,000 less children attending Sunday School than there were in the year before the War." These are the facts! And yet our church officials are complacent; they believe that by an intensification of present methods the situation can be saved; and they regard with inexpressible detestation any man who would attempt a radical reorganization of religious life! If anything is evident it is that Protestantism is going to pieces faster than the tale can be told or the figures be compiled. The great majority of people, and of intelligent people, have lost all confidence in existing churches, and have washed their hands of them for good. If religion is to be saved, a revolution in thought and method and organization must take place no less complete than that of the Protestant Reformation. The times are ripe for a second Martin Luther to do to Protestantism today what the first Luther did to Catholicism yesterday.

Another great drama has appeared upon the New York stage—put on, of course, at special matinee performances! It has now almost become a rule in the metropolis, by the way, that if a play cannot be trusted to draw audiences to regular evening performances, it must be an exceptionally good play. The drama referred to in this case is O'Neil's "Beyond the Horizon," a tragedy American to the core in its setting and characters, yet touched with the irony of ancient Greek art, and full of the pity of good lives wrecked not by sin but by human blindness and the fate of circumstance. In construction, this play is inferior to Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way," and Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." But in naturalness, fidelity to native life, the revelation of epic tragedy concealed in humble, maladjusted souls, it is the superior of both. Here are two men, such as might be found on any New England farm, betrayed by their own amiable and loving qualities and therewith caught in a web of circumstance which brings them both to wreckage. It is a sorry tale, drenched in the tears of helpless pity, and yet all as simple and unforced as the commonplace events of any day in any home. To take men just as they are, in the familiar environment which we all have seen and known, and show destiny at work in vindication of the rigors of spiritual law—this is the mastery of dramatic art; and it is this mastery which is revealed in "Beyond the Horizon." O'Neil has written impressive plays before this, but here is a work of genius! It may not be, and in any case will surely not remain, the greatest American play ever written. But it marks at least as definite an achievement in the native drama of this country, as Ervine's "John Ferguson" does in that of Ireland.

"Spiritual" Preaching

Dr. Henry E. Jackson, in his new volume, "The Community Church," tells a hilarious story of a certain preaching experience. "One Sunday," he writes:

> I preached a sermon on "The Religion of the Deed." It was the simplest application of Christian teaching to present human needs. In the course of the sermon I used, as an illustration, a prayer which was at that time being offered daily by girls employed by a factory in Cleveland, Ohio, but who were on strike. . . After the service was over, one man, who at that time was president of our board of trustees, and who was a large part owner of woolen mills in New England, remained for a private interview. He said he remained to register his protest against the sermon. . . The next night this man attended a meeting of the board of trustees and vigorously denounced the sermon, saying that it was dangerous and vicious doctrine, that it would do great damage to the church and also decrease the income of the trustees.
>
> The next Sunday, continues Dr. Jackson, I laid a trap for this man into which he fell. . . I gave an exposition of exactly the same principles treated by the sermon of the previous Sunday, to which he had so strenuously objected. But this time the setting was laid in a situation many centuries old, and they were applied to Jeroboam, King of Israel. I soundly berated this ancient king for violating these very principles. I purposely made my invective against him most severe, in order to make the test more conclusive. The following day I received from this gentleman a long three-page typewritten letter, sent from his office in New York, in which he enthusiastically praised the sermon on Jeroboam. He dwelt on its merits in detail and covered them with extravagant compliments. He said this is the kind of preaching our church needs, and he urged me to continue it. (Pages 95-98.)

In an earlier chapter of this same book, the author makes an observation which interprets the meaning of this amusing episode:

> The Pharisees of my church, he writes, said they opposed me because I was not "spiritual." At the first, this greatly distressed me, because that (was) the very thing that I thought I was. Indeed, it was the very complaint I had in my mind against them, but I did not say so. In the presence of this apparent puzzle, I found illumination in history. I remembered that, in all like conflicts, the critics usually said the very opposite of what was afterward found to be true. For example, Socrates is now universally regarded not only as the greatest, but as the most virtuous and spiritual, man of his age and country. Yet his accusers judicially condemned him to death on the charge of impiety and immorality. That is, his critics mistook him for the exact opposite of what he was. (Pages 31-32.)

What Dr. Jackson here narrates, has been the experience of every true prohet of the living word. Against them all has been brought the indictment that they lacked "spirituality." Without exception they have encountered the challenge that they fail to preach "spiritual" sermons. What is meant by this adjective "spiritual," as applied to preaching, is not difficult to ascertain. The critics—"Pharisees," Dr. Jackson calls them, in deliberate reminder of the enemies of the Nazarene—have always made their ideas upon this point perfectly clear.

(1) In the first place, a "spiritual" sermon is one which deals with generalities and not with particulars. Preaching which is as full of abstractions as

a desert of sand, and as empty of concrete specifications as this same desert of flowers, is invariably hailed by the Pharisees, and all their timid and ecstatic company, as "spiritual." Theodore Parker, one of the most unspiritual of preachers, according to his pious orthodox opponents, had this distinction in mind when he denounced the clergymen of his day for berating "Sin," and never say anything about "*sins*." It is not the abstract condition of wickedness which is important, declared Parker, but the specific and contemporary exemplifications of this condition. To talk about the state of Sin, in which all men are living, is utterly innocuous; but to name and discuss the actual sins, of which some man, or group of men, is guilty, this is to explode a stick of moral dynamite. It is what the great Nathan did, when he pointed his accusing finger straight at the king, and said, "Thou art the man!" Such preaching is effective—some would call it sensational! But it must be scrupulously avoided by any man who would be beloved by his congregation as a "spiritual" preacher.

(2) But it is not always possible to avoid particulars. One must use them occasionally, if only to point the moral and adorn the tale. This brings us to our second rule of spirituality. Whenever a specific indictment is to be spoken, or definite sin to be named, see to it that the illustration is taken from ancient and not modern history. Discuss the Midianites and Moabites, not the Pittsburghites or Chicagoites. Discuss Herod and his legendary slaughter of the innocents, not the owners of cotton mills and glass factories and coal mines, and their very genuine slaughter of the children of the workers. Say with a fine frenzy and a noble sincerity, "Thou art the man," to David and Jeroboam and Pilate, all safely dead, lo, these many hundred years, but name not Mr. Rockefeller or Judge Gary or Attorney General Palmer, lest you be accused of sedition instead of spirituality. It is amazing by how many minds the "odor of sanctity" is identified with the mustiness of antiquity. To the ordinary highly respectable chuch attendant, the degree of spirituality may be said to be in exact proportion to the remoteness of historical analogy. To deal exclusively in dead kings, in prohphets once stoned but now gloriously entombed, in

> * * * dim, forgotten far-off things,
> And battles long ago. * * *

this is to be a truly "spiritual" preacher!

(3) We have been talking thus far of sins and sinners. But this very fact is in itself the worst betrayal of spirituality. For the man who would be regarded as a "spiritual" leader of his flock, must not soil his hands, or rather mind, with things so disagreeable. The third and culminating rule of spirituality is to speak not of ugly but of beautiful things, to say not hard but easy words. The "spiritual" preacher must be unfailingly cheerful and serene, even though the whole world go crashing into the abyss of universal war. He must ignore the evil man and the evil thing, and talk constantly of good, even though evil and not good is the predominant feature of the moment. He must speak no condemnations, but only praise and flatteries and unctious pieties. It is true, to be sure, that Gilbert K. Chesterton, in his famous hymn, asks forgiveness

> For all that error teaches,
> For lies of tongue and pen,
> For all the easy speeches,
> That comfort cruel men.

But Chesterton was talking about honesty and truth and righteous service, not about "spirituality." The "spiritual" sermon is above all things else easy and comfortable. Its stock in trade is the beauties of nature, the sentimental virtues of domestic life, the fine amenities of charity. Anything beyond these is suspect!

All this, now, clearly reveals what is meant by "spiritual" preaching. What we have here is the last survival of that type of faith which regards religion as a medium of refuge and protection from the world. In the old days, men fled into deserts and forests, lived alone in hermit cells, or congregated in monasteries, that they might escape the world, forget and thus evade its ill, seek comfort in the contemplation of their own virtues and their certain rewards. Religion, in other words, was an "unworldly" thing. It dealt with the "hoped for" and the "unseen," not with those grim realities of the now and here which are the substance of all we know of life.

Now it is this type of religion which has completely disappeared in our time—all except in the expectation of the few and the answer of the pulpit. Religion is to us today concerned primarily with this present world. The object of religion is not to save men out of the world, but to save the world itself. The field of religion in this present society of human beings; and the "religious," as the pious soul used to be called, not the monk lost in the quiet eddies of repose, but the worker immersed in the seething stream of active life. Still in our day, however, as in earlier days, there are those who seek escape, who crave the soothing influences of beauty and comfort; and, denied all other avenues of relief, they seize the pulpit. Preaching which, like the "kingdom," is "not of this world," is what they demand, that they may revel in some ecstasy of devotion while the weary world wags on. Hence their cry for "spiritual" preaching!

That such preaching cannot be given by the honest pulpit, is obvious enough. As the unworldly brand of religion has disappeared everywhere else, so also must it disappear here. "Spiritual" preaching is an indulgence, a compromise, a timid yielding to the world. No true prophet has ever practiced it—no true prophet will ever practice it. To speak the truth of

today, in the language of today, this is the whole duty of one who speaks of God. The prophets of Israel were the most contemporary of men. Jesus of Nazareth spoke to the men of his day so that they understood—and thus feared and hated him. We who follow however humbly in the train of such leaders, can do no less than they!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

UNITY

[The following report was given by Mrs. Carnovale at the annual meeting of All Souls Church and Abraham Lincoln Centre held January 8, 1920.—EDITORS.]

At the annual meeting of the Unity Publishing Company, held in January, 1919, I was asked to take the presidency of this Company, a position which has always been held by Mr. Jones. I accepted with natural reluctance, not having had the experience with which to meet the difficulties that must arise, nor the vision to see how they might be overcome. However, the new responsibility has made me more than ever observant of the importance of the paper, and of its value as a material as well as a spiritual force.

There are certain interesting and chronological facts regarding UNITY which will bear constant repetition, as they represent epoch-making events in the development of this institution.

First. We must not forget that UNITY existed before All Souls Church was established. It was by means of UNITY, more than through any other source, that the need of All Souls Church became apparent; and it was through UNITY, more than through any other one source, that the church was built.

Second. When the convicition came to us that we must free ourselves from any and all denominational tests for religious fellowship, it was UNITY that created a sympathy for our beliefs and made our final position possible.

Third. When the idea of this Centre was conceived in the brain of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, as being the place where the ideals advocated by All Souls Church could be more effectively worked out, all the forces of UNITY were employed to this end, and following the propaganda of UNITY, support came from every part of this country and from other parts of the world to make this place possible.

Therefore, we may say that even as a mere asset in a material way, the journal was, is, and always will be, of incalculable value.

It is not so easy to estimate spiritual values; but we can safely assert that what is true materially, is true spiritually, as borne out by the large number of letters received by the Editor of UNITY from appreciative readers. Mr. Jones was so convinced of this that I have often heard him say: "Of the three forces—UNITY, All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre—UNITY is the greatest." And Mr. Jones, creator and soul of the three institutions, knew well how to judge of their relative merits.

One of the greatest problems confronting UNITY after the loss of Mr. Jones, was to find those who would acquaint themselves with the traditions of the paper, value its power and carry out the high ideals of its founder. Fortunately, during the past year these requirements have been met, as the journal passed into the hands of its able assistant editor and writers who were personal friends of Mr. Jones and whose ideas were heartily endorsed by him, and they have had no other thought than to hold fast to the fundamental truths always so fearlessly preached by him, even to his own detriment.

UNITY must be abreast of the times. In these troublesome days of social reconstruction, there never was greater need of a free, courageous and illuminating organ, such as UNITY, in order to sound a note of warning against two evils at the same time: against an unbalanced sense and desire for more liberty and justice on one side, and, on the other side, against a false, tyrannical and reactionary patriotism which attempts to subvert to selfish individual and partisan interests the pure ideals of brotherhood, the pure ideals of Americanism, upon which our country was founded by our forefathers, Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Franklin, of whom Jenkin Lloyd Jones was a worthy representative.

UNITY now, in common with the rest of the world, has its financial problems to face. The endowment of $30,000 came at a time when prices were normal, when paper was cheap and when labor was available. We are now feeling the result of these changed conditions. Now we are faced with a deficit which makes us think of the dark days before the endowment came. At a special meeting of the UNITY Board held last month, it was decided that we must raise the price of UNITY from $2.00 to $3.00 per year, to help meet this deficit. This will of necessity cut off some of our subscribers, and unhappily those to whom the journal is most necessary will be the first to be affected. Even now we are receiving letters telling us of the great intellectual and spiritual loss the stopping of the journal will bring to the readers who cannot afford even the present price.

But what can be done under present conditions?

UNITY should have a fund or an increased endowment which would cover such subscriptions. Five hundred dollars a year would do this highest sort of missionary service.

Then, too, there are certain administrative conditions which should be changed and should receive consideration from this body. Our efficient assistant editor should not be called upon to act as general manager, office boy and advertising agent. There is no longer one person with Herculean strength, who can compass this work. The work should be subdivided in such a way as to lift the burden and bring about the greatest efficiency in each department.

These are some of the things which convince us that the forces of All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre should more than ever converge toward the support of UNITY. Certainly, the members of these two organizations will always find improvements to be made in their special departments; but any material improvement or enlargement in brick and stone which does not bring a corresponding support and enlargement of UNITY, will fail of their purpose, because All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre are, by themselves, but local institutions, and as such will remain, whatever their material strength may be, without the development of UNITY, which touches the vital points of both institutions, and speaks to the public in their name and for the principles for which they stand, giving them a national and an international reputation.

JESSIE E. SHEARS-CARNOVALE.

THE PULPIT

The Sin of Sacrilege

A Sermon by Rev. Harry Taylor, of England

'And David longed, and said, 'Oh that one would give me to drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate.' And the three mighty men brake through the hosts of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David; but he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord. And he said, 'Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this; shall I drink the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?' II Sam. 23:15.

David thought that it would be sacrilege, in the deepest sense of the word, if he were to accept lightly this gift, purchased at such a price, and drink it without thought of all that the gift meant.

There are a great many applications that I might make of this wonderful story if I had time but I shall glance at a few in passing and deal more fully with those aspects that are of vital interest today.

We have all felt, to a greater or less degree, this sin of sacrilege when the grave has been covering up the last glimpse of some dear one. Probably the whole life of the beloved has been one long expression of sacrifice and devotion. So constant was the love and service that enveloped our lives that we scarcely realized its presence. Then the dear one died and we realized only too late that the tender word and the kindly deed that might have shown our gratitude could never find expression. We had unthinkingly drunk the blood of one who had given his life in service.

Our church and Sunday school work is carried on, generally, by a noble band of men and women who show the same spirit of love and service. They are to be found at all times performing with great enthusiasm their tasks of devotion and we get so accustomed to seeing them do so that we never acknowledge the amount of energy and unstinted labor until they are taken from us. We have probably deluded ourselves with the idea that they were better fitted for such tasks than we are and we have not even thought of expressing our appreciation of their efforts. They may have gone down to their graves thinking that their work has been a failure when we might have told them what a glorious success it was.

Last autumn I stood by a monument erected in a little village in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, to the memory of the great covenanter, the Rev. James Renwick, who was burned at the Haymarket in Edinburgh for his opinions. The countryside all around is full of the graves of the covenanters who were martyred for their faith. They held their meetings on the open moors, in barns and caves always in fear of the red-coated soldiers who might come along and shoot them down like rabbits.

There is a stone cross in the center of the little village and a story is told of two little children who died at the foot of that cross. In the dead of one winter's night, when the snow lay deep on the ground, the soldiers came to one house in the village and turned the whole family into the street. The father and mother were taken prisoners to Edinburgh after the soldiers had set fire to their home and left the two little children unprotected in the snow. Next morning the two little ones were found at the foot of the cross frozen to death. This is but one little picture, taken from the book of the past, of the treatment meted out to those who "for our sakes were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, went about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, ill-treated (of whom the world was not worthy)."

We often forget that human society is not static, but dynamic, and that we must not be content with the deeds and achievements of the past without ourselves adding to them. Our life may very well be compared to the movement of a rower in an open boat going upstream. So long as he uses his oars and even a small amount of strength he will progress if slowly, but immediately he begins to rest upon his oars he drifts down stream.

We have to remember that the great edifice whose foundations were laid by our fathers is still incomplete and that there is much to be performed in the spirit of our forefathers. There are still many unjust laws to be repealed, many abuses to be abolished. The blight of poverty has still to be removed, temptations to sin and shame to be swept away and slumdom made a thing of the past. Only by allying ourselves with the movements making for righteousness in our own day can we show ourselves worthy of our great heritage from the past.

Particularly do I wish to point out the teaching of our text in regard to the conditions following the great war. Probably you on this side of the Atlantic may not realize what the war meant so intensely as those on the other side. If the war has proved one thing more than another it is surely that the same spirit of sacrifice and devotion to a cause animates mankind today as in the past.

Millions of men had only a vague sense of the rights and wrongs of the war and "what they killed each other for." They realized that a great army was marching through Belgium leaving red ruin in its train and a multitude of men immediately took the side of the weak against the strong. Men left weeping wives and sweethearts, desolate homes and little children because they felt within their breasts the sense of some great wrong. Thousands of these men realized their duty to a society that had shown very little concern of its duty to them. Let me illustrate what I mean.

In a town in Lancashire, England, a shrine was erected in one of the filthiest alleys of its slums to seven heroes who had died for their country. In some of these hovels—one could not call them houses—as many as fourteen have been known to exist in two small rooms. Out of homes like these, or only a little better, some of our bravest heroes came in their thousands to answer their country's call. They showed themselves willing to make the greatest of all sacrifices for their country's sake, and their country, up to that time, had allowed them to exist under conditions of life not fit for any human being to endure.

And some of them loathed war. I recall to mind one who died a hero's death in far-off Gallipoli. A sweeter or more peaceful lad it would not be possible to find, or one to whom fighting was more repugnant. But he went out because his own private opinions were swallowed up in the larger concern of the nation. Think or the ghastly experience war would be for such as these. Philip Gibbs describes something of this in his book called "The Soul of the War." Mr. Gibbs was war correspondent for the London *Daily Telegraph* and was himself an eye witness of the scenes he relates. He says—I quote from memory—"We did not listen to the cries of the wounded or the offers of surrender. We had no use for prisoners and on both sides in

that Argonne wood there was no quarter given. Better than a bayonet was a bit of iron, or a broken gun stock, or a sharp knife. The greater part of their bodies still lie between the trenches and we have been unable to remove them. Bits of rotting carcasses are blown into our faces and over our heads as new shells fall and burst upon them. The smell of their rotting flesh taints our food and taints our very soul, so that we are physically and spiritually sick. If I thought that a child of mine would have to undergo what I have undergone these last few weeks I would strangle him in his cradle to save him from it."

I saw a soldier in September, 1914, saying good bye to his wife and little boy at a large railway station in Manchester. He was talking bravely to his wife and trying to lighten her sorrow at the bitter parting and I heard him say, pointing to the little boy, "I'm going to make it better for him." He was going to do his bit and he trusted in the spirit of those who were left behind to make the new world a better place for his child.

The experiences of these men were such a multitude of inexpressible horrors that their souls loathe the thought of speaking of them. Well might that English officer write in the *English Review:*

> If this be life—to squelch in gum boots through the noisome ooze, that reeks of death, while rain incessant soaks into the very soul; to see the horses stand dejected, cold 'neath shelter that were insult to erect; to have to strafe the drivers for a rusty spur or harness whose eternal cleaning is a tragedy; to have to strafe for such as this while rain drops on them as they sleep uneasy, huddled lousy 'neath a blanket rough and thin, in barns and bevvies that at home a tramp would spit upon; being chased from hour to hour by N. C. O.'s through a twenty-four hour day that's worth a bob, knee deep in filth. . . . If this be life, then give me death, O God!
>
> If this be life—to have to give one's manhood at a time when every hour is worth an Inca's gold; to have to leave dream castles in the making, throwing career and prospects to the wind; leaving unfulfilled one's hope of children with the woman who'll grow lonely through the years; throwing overboard one's very Deity, whose face seems blurred by smoke of all this horror; to have to stand beneath the stars and hear the rumble sempiternal of the guns that belch release, and ask Him what it's for, and why, and get no answer; and try to stop one's brain from questioning and change it to a lump of mud—if this be life, then give me death, O God!

Those of us who know the conditions under which millions of human beings endured untold miseries and agonizing death that the world "might be safe for democracy," feel that this colossal sacrifice demands that the ideals they fought for must bring peace to a suffering world. There was much talk of this during the heat of the war. Under the influence of emotion and patriotism the vow was registered in many a heart that the boys should not come back to the same inhuman conditions of life. Have we the same spirit today?

This war has brought out very clearly the solidarity of mankind. It has shown in an unmistakable manner that every unit of society is necessary in the last extreme for its safety. Before the war it was quite customary in England for a very rich man to have thirty or forty servants to wait upon himself and his family, and no one would have suggested that he was anti-social. In fact, many persons were found to uphold such a practice because it "gave employment to the lower classes." The same apologists would doubtless have thought that if a millionaire were to employ men to dig holes merely to fill them up again that also would be useful employment.

Under the stern school of war, however, men began to learn that it was only useful and productive labor that was of value to the state. Those who were parasites on the rich, such as lackeys, gardeners, butlers, etc., for the first time learned their true place in society and were told either to don khaki or find some work of national importance. The rich who did not get rid of their servants were pilloried in the newspapers and stigmatized as some kind of pro-Germans. We have to remember this lesson today and see to it that our returned soldiers and sailors are given work of real national importance and that from henceforth we shall have none in the new society of the world except men and women who are performing some useful service for humanity.

We learned, at a terrible cost, it is true, the value of national and centralized control in production during the war. Waste and overlapping were done away with and the only question that was asked was how an article might be produced as quickly as possible with the least possible exertion of labor.

It was thought before the war that the more work one could find for the workers, no matter if the work were parasitic or not, the better for the workers. It ought to be shouted from the housetops today that what the world is yearning for is not more work, but more skillful organization so that more of the necessaries of life may be obtained by less and less grinding toil. Work itself is a means and not an end. The human race will only just commence to *live* in the real sense of the word when the grim problems of food and employment are solved, and the people can turn their attention to other and more spiritual matters. The world has earned an inalienable right to the best that the best and keenest brains of our statesmen can devise. Blood has flowed like water for the cause of humanity and now we ask what kind of world is to be built on the ruins of the old. Are we going to send our men back to the conditions which obtained before the war? Are we to have the same menace of poverty and unemployment? Are the nations going to prepare a still more bloody Armageddon? Shall we in another generation see our sons go off to some Flander's field and pray for death as a sweet release?

It rests with us in this time of reconstruction to say what kind of world our children shall inhabit. Already the roads divide and only swift and clear thinking can save us. Let us not minimize the dangers that lie ahead or the enemies of progress who are even now planning to make of the world what may be a veritable Hell. I said that the war was over. In a sense it is, but in a far deeper sense it has only just begun. We cannot let loose upon the world all the passions and lusts of the greatest war in history and expect that when peace is signed men's evil passions will die a sudden death. These passions, for the most part were held in check by the ideals of the soldiers themselves, but today there is much of disillusion and disgust with those who used the blood of men for their own gain. I plead for those who cannot plead for themselves, for those whose sacrifice was their part in making the world safe for democracy. Some of them cannot speak for themselves, but they have left wife and little ones to our tender mercies. And even of those who have come back there are so many who are blindly trusting in their country to give them a better land to live in; they are of the vast number of inarticulate human beings whose silence is heard only of God. I fancy that I can hear throughout the world today from all the millions who have fought, aye, and from

the unnumbered dead on many a bloody field, this cry: "Noblesse oblige. We have done our work. It is not given us to devise intricate methods of government or think out problems of statescraft; we leave that to you. We have done our work; shall it be said of you that you failed in yours? Or will you say with David: 'Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this; shall I drink of the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?' "

CORRESPONDENCE

Democracy

Editor of UNITY:—
Abraham Lincoln Centre,
Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:

In your issue for January 8th Mr. John J. John evidences a great perplexity in seeking a satisfactory definition of democracy. Mr. John truly says: "And now what are we to mean by democracy? Either it is the rule of the majority or it is something still to be defined. . . . If democracy be the rule of the majority, then I for one regard democracy as something which mankind must surpass."

I do not think this question would be so difficult to settle if it were not for the loose thinking that has so long dominated political science in America. An absolute rule of a majority is only one degree removed from the tyranny of a minority. There is, however, another way. May not democracy be defined as the rule of the people—that is to say, government by a combination of the majority and the minority or minorities, represented in accurate proportion? The efficacy of proportional representation in securing democratic government does not rest upon a theory, but has been practically demonstrated in numerous American communities as well as in a larger way in a number of European commonwealths. Proportional representation, in guaranteeing adequate representation for every political group in the country, not only in legislative but in administrative branches, comes about as near attaining to genuine democracy as anything that can be conceived so long as we adhere at all to our present conception of the State.

Very sincerely yours,

DEVERE ALLEN.

Battleships and Missionaries

To the Editor of UNITY:

How is this item in headlines, for grim humor, touching the celebration of the centenary of the arrival in these islands of the first band of Christian missionaries? The italics are mine:

FORTY DESTROYERS, *MOTHER* SHIPS AND BATTLESHIPS TO BE HERE FOR MISSIONS EVENT.

Quick action resulted from the request of the Hawaiian Missions Centennial Committee, expressed through the Chamber of Commerce by cable to Governor McCarthy in Washington, to have the *destroyer* fleet visit Honolulu officially during Centennial Week, for Rear Admiral Coontz, chief of the bureau of operations of the navy department, favors the visit, it was learned yesterday when a message was received announcing that the fleet of 40 *destroyers, mother* ships and a *battleship*, with 4,000 officers and men would *participate* in the celebration.

The admiral expressed his attitude to Governor McCarthy yesterday. On the day before Secretary of the Navy Daniels favored the plan, but said he must first confer with the operations chief.

Immediately it was announced last week that such a fleet was coming to Hawaiian waters, but would leave early in April, the Hawaiian Missions Centennial Committee took up the question of sending an invitation to the navy department to have the fleet come here to honor the Missions centennial. Whether it is to be called the "Hawaiian Missions Centennial Fleet" is not yet known.

This kind of jest brings no joy. The glory of that early band of pioneers was, that they took all risks in their tiny vessel, sailing much longer and farther, and in more hazardous seas, than even the Mayflower fathers traveled, and depending upon no human power to protect them from savage violence. What kind of a celebration will it be, with the voice of big cannon and the glory of tremendous warships, and a garrison of soldiers holding the great forts, as if it were all a mockery of the gospel of love! So much for the militaristic "Christianity" of the most favored nation! When shall we work through it and discover reality?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Honolulu, Feb. 12, 1920.

CONTRIBUTED

Sir Philip Sidney, a Prophet of a League of Nations

The prophets of world-justice have conceived of a League of Nations as providing the only substitute for the hell of world-war. The world of Queen Elizabeth's day dreaded the Spanish Inquisition and Popish plots as we have feared the "Potsdam gang." A young prophet of that day was probably the first man to propose, as the only salvation from the tyranny that threatened all freedom loving nations, essentially the same solution which at this late day is now being accepted by all nations.

Before Dante's "De Monarchia" had presented the conception of peace through a world empire, the plan of arbitration enunciated by Pierre du Bois, a lawyer of Coutance, had proposed an international organization of princes. He would have had them meet in congress and institute a permanent tribunal of arbitration composed of chosen judges from whom six might be selected to try a case. But this was not a League of Nations.

In all probability the man who first proposed a League of Nations was Sir Philip Sidney, that lovable and gifted poet-courtier who in the age of Spenser, Shakespeare and Raleigh and the splendors of the Elizabethan age touched the world's heart as did few of his greater contemporaries. The schoolboy who knows not a line of his verse, knows the story of his sweet unselfishness and gallant courtesy upon the field of Zutphen.

In these critical days of the working out of complex plans to bind and throttle the war-god, is it not a matter of academic interest to retrace the thought, so little known, of that famous youth who when twenty-two years old dreamed of a League of Protestant Nations—the only freedom loving nations of his day.

Of all the stately homes of England, so dear to the student of her romantic history, I have found few

more fascinating than Penshurst, rich in relics of the past and, even in 1580, called by Ben Jonson "an ancient pile." Here Sir Philip Sidney was born in 1554. The painting of the distinguished youth which hangs on its walls presents him in ruff and embroidery, and the shining armor of his day. Educated at the famous Shrewsbury School and at Christ College, he was at seventeen a man of rare learning. A fellow student of the great historian Camden and of Richard Hakluyt; a guest of his uncle Leicester in Kenilworth Castle in its time of greatest opulence and magnificence; in touch with all that wealth, genius and the culture of the time could offer, when he went with his little retinue of attendants as a youth of eighteen to Paris, he was rarely equipped to be a shrewd observer of the political complexities of his day.

Here, on the fateful night of St. Bartholomew, though he was safe with the ambassador Walsingham, he knew that thousands of men armed and muffled with the cross marked on their arm were rushing through the streets, crying, "For God and for the King." Five thousand Huguenots were butchered indiscriminately and the quivering body of Coligny was thrown from a window at the feet of the Duke de Guise, who kicked it and cried, "Comrades, on with the work." With his belief in Protestantism intensified by this tragic experience, young Sir Philip left Paris never to return, and went to Frankfort, where he met Hubert Languet, a French professor of fifty-four, who had been converted to Protestantism by Melanchthon and who became the friend of every leading Protestant.

He loved this lovely youth as if he were his son, and profoundly influenced him all his life. Together they went to Vienna and then Sidney went to Italy for nine months, spending most of his time in Venice, then in all her glory. Here he became the intimate friend of Tintoret and Veronese and the latter painted his portrait. Music, Plutarch, languages, astronomy and geometry occupied his attention even amid these distracting surroundings, when he was not studying the momentous events of those seething times and the machinations of his own god-father, Philip of Spain. The Duke of Alva was then the champion persecutor of the Netherlands. The forces of cruelty and despotism were massing themselves when the sagacious youth after two and a half years returned to England and was surrounded by the gaieties and pomp of court life.

All this was pleasant enough, but Sir Philip sought more serious tasks than dancing attendance on Queen Bess and was dispatched on a mission to Prague to greet the new Emperor. Above each lodging place where he stopped en route were affixed his arms and in Latin was inscribed, "The most illustrious and well-born Philip Sidney, son of the Viceroy of England, nephew of the Earl of Warwick and Leicester, ambassador from the most serene Queen of England to the Emperor."

Given a free hand, Sir Philp Sidney bestirred himself to end the feud between Lutherans and Calvinists, which was a scandal to both and imperilled all the Protestant world. Arrived in the presence of the Emperor Rudolf, he boldly arraigned the baneful forces that threatened the German commonwealth. Against Rome and Spain he urged a league of all the nations that loved freedom of conscience and free speech. Two things this youth had set his heart on—a united, harmonious Protestant League and the overthrow of Papal and Spanish tyranny. On his return he visited William of Orange at Dordrecht and stood god-father to his baby. The assassination of William a few years later convinced him that unless the Spanish power were curbed, the cause of the Netherlands and of Protestantism was doomed. He therefore interested himself in the projects of the great navigators—Gilbert, Raleigh, Drake and Frobisher to establish colonies in the new world and to destroy the power and wealth of Spain.

Sir Philip Sidney's plan for a Protestant League has not come down to us in detail. But he closely touched the lives of men who were profoundly concerned with the problem of organization of the nations and he probably fructified their thought. It was not until thirty-eight years after Sidney's early and tragic death that Emeric Crucé published his "Le Nouveau Cynée," which was the first book that explicity developed the thought of a regular system of arbitration. But Sir Philip Sidney knew Henry IV of France, whom he had met in Paris before he ascended the throne, and we are told that Henry accepted him as a friend and treated him as an equal.

The "Great Design" of Henry IV was the first comprehensive scheme in modern history to organize the world. The king, or his minister, Sully (there is great controversy about it), had planned a federation of the European states with a central senate and proportionate contributions from the various nations to the common international army and navy which should insure legal methods for the prevailing system of warfair. Ravaillac's dagger in 1610 frustrated this scheme just as John Milton was learning to talk and Shakespeare had completed his greatest tragedies. This was fourteen years before Grotius's great work on "The Rights of War and Peace" had made him the father of international law, and twenty-four years after his young friend Sir Philip Sidney had chivalrously laid down his life in fighting for the liberties of Holland against the invading Spaniard. This young man, less than thirty-one years of age when he died, embodied in his life the principle expressed in his famous word to the dying Dutch soldier to whom he surrendered his cup of cold water with the words, "Thy necessities are greater than mine."

This splendid young Englishman was one of the first to dream of an English nation in America. Like Immanuel Kant, who declared that the world could never be organized until the nations were free, Sidney saw that the only hope of the world was to bring into co-operation those nations that had freedom. The efforts of Sidney, Henry IV and Grotius were all born of the same great purpose and vision.

In these days of world tumult, just 333 years after his death, to those who believe that this young prophet's vision is about to be more than fulfilled in a League of Nations that will presently include all civilized lands, it is worth while to know what manner of man first had the vision.

All England mourned him as a year ago all America mourned the older Roosevelt—a man who embodied some of his great qualities and whose name stood for friendship, loyalty and courage. "This is that Sidney," wrote the great historian Camden, "who as Providence seems to have sent him into the world to give the present a specimen of the ancients, so it did on a sudden recall him and snatch him from us as more worthy of heaven than earth. . . . Sidney shall live to all posterity. For, as the Grecian poet has it, 'Virtue is beyond the reach of fate.'"

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Washington, Jefferson and Franklin

If Washington, Jefferson and Franklin had been born in India and were living there today, what would they be doing? Exactly what the people of India are doing, trying to shake off the rule of foreign conquerors and to gain freedom for themselves and their countrymen. This is India's crime, and her only crime. It is for this that normal crowds which assembled for prayer and for silent protest against oppression within the past few months have been mowed down by British machine guns. It is for this that women and children have been torn to pieces by British bombs dropped from the air.

Says the *Crisis*: "During the past three or four months several more Hindus, living in America, have been arrested (at the instigation of England) with a view to their deportation to India. If sent back home they will in effect be condemned to death, for that has been the fate of their fellows at the hands of the government that rules India." Why have these men been arrested? *The Crisis* answers, and answers correctly: "They have been arrested for exactly the thing of which Washington, Franklin and Jefferson—held in immortal memory by all Americans—were guilty: they have been struggling to free their country from the rule of the stranger." Do Americans desire to have such men arrested on our soil, dedicated to freedom? Do Americans wish to have part in sending such men to their death?

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

DARKNESS.

Come, blessed Darkness, come, and bring thy balm
For eyes grown weary of the garish Day!
Come with thy soft, slow steps, thy garments gray,
Thy veiling shadows bearing in thy palm
The poppy-seeds of slumber, deep and calm!
Come with thy patient stars, whose far-off ray
Steals the hot fever of the soul away,
Thy stillness sweeter than a chanted pslam!

O blessed Darkness, Day indeed is fair,
And Light is dear when Summer days are long,
And one by one the harvesters go by;
But so is rest sweet—and surcease from care,
And folded palms, and hush of evensong,
And all the unfathomed silence of the sky.

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

When Duty comes a-knocking at the gate,
Welcome him in; for if you bid him wait,
He will depart only to come once more
And bring seven other duties to your door.

—*Edwin Markham.*

Robert Collyer once told the following story in a lecture: He was at a children's party one Christmas Eve, and seeing a little boy sitting in a corner while dancing was going on, he approached him, and asked him why he did not join the others and dance. "I'm not danthing," said the boy solemnly, "becauth I don't think danthing ith the great end of life." "Now, you know," added Robert Collyer, "if that was my boy, I should think he was meant for a minister, but I should be sorry for the church that had to take him."—*Christian Life.*

THE STUDY TABLE

BOOK NOTICES

The History of Religions. E. Washburn Hopkins. New York: 1918. The Macmillan Co. 16mo. pp. 6 (4) 624. Price, $3.00.

This book by Prof. Hopkins is the first number of *The Religious Science and Literature Series,* appearing under the editorial supervision of Prof. E. Hershey Sneath of Yale University. Prof. Hopkins is well known through his great work on the Religions of India. His scholarship is equally shown in the book before us. It is a handbook of the history of religions from the most primitive up to the great book religions, which aim at universal acceptance. Though not so divided, the book falls into two parts, one dealing with the lower religions without book, the other with the higher, book, religions. Preliminary chapters state definitions, indicate sources, and present the general characters of primitive religions. A marvelously condensed presentation is then made of African, Polynesian, North American and early European religions, each topic being made the vehicle for discussing such general ideas as spirit, fetish, idol, myth, *mana, tabu,* etc. Just why a separate chapter upon Ainu religion and Shamanism should be interpolated is not clear, nor why they should be combined. These chapters on the religions of lower culture show a wide range of reading and form a most extraordinary condensed statement of facts. As reading they are indescribably dry, but for reference they are invaluable. The material is presented in short statements, drawn from many sources, with no connection; it demands the slowest and most careful reading to get at its lesson. The second part of the book deals with the book religions—beginning with those of India and continuing with those of China, Japan, Egypt, Babylonia-Assyria, Iran, Israel, Arabia, Greece and Rome, and ending with Christianity. In this part the author has greater freedom and the style becomes far more attractive. The work is conscientiously done and it can safely be said that no other book in this field of study presents so much important material in such compass. While not at all a book for simple reading, it is of extraordinary reference value.

Modern Psychical Phenomena. Hereward Carrington. New York: 1919. Dodd, Mead & Co. 8vo. pp. (xv). 331. Price, $2.50.

Dr. Carrington is industrious, indefatigable and interesting. He is a prominent original investigator and has assisted in many researches. The material he presents in his new book is of very uneven value. It is grouped under three divisions. In Part I he gives us some discussions upon the relation of psychical phenomena to evolution, psychology, biology and ethics. He is here at his best and many of his suggestions deserve careful consideration. In Part III he presents recent researches (largely his own) upon crystal vision and the physiology of the vision of the seer. While these may prove important, he has weighed them down with a lot of observation reports of no special significance. It is, however, to Part II of the book that the title chiefly applies, and it is this part that makes the strongest appeal to the general reader. Here we find a mass of weird phenomena, and here certainly our author is at his worst. Here we have Eusapia Palladino again, projection of the

astral body, psychic photography, mathematical proofs of a spiritual world, obsession, etc. And here our wonder grows. That a man who can discuss "vitality and the law of conservation" as keenly as he does, should represent the claims of Eusapia and see proofs of a spirit-world in the mathematics he presents, fills us with amazement. How can he give any value to the French revelation on "obsession," which he quotes to the extent of thirteen pages? How can he see aught of scientific interest in the Dupont-Lee spirit photographs or see wisdom in Dr. Holcomb's "profound" treatise on the relation of the sexes hereafter? Carrington makes a strong appeal for a well equipped, endowed laboratory for psychical investigation. It will probably not be difficult, at this crisis in affairs, to find some patron for such a foundation and results of actual value may be expected in some of the directions of research which he enumerates as within the scope of such a laboratory. In connection with this appeal, we are referred to the frontispiece, which represents a "huge hypnotic wheel," about which nothing seems to be said in the text.

Caught by the Turks. Francis Yeats-Brown. New York: 1920. The Macmillan Co. 16mo. pp. vii. 229. Price, $2.00.

The great war has brought out a vast number of books written by participants and narrating personal experience. Probably the number to appear in future will dwindle, as we get away from the war. Few, either of those that have appeared or that will appear, will hold permanent attention. Most of them have but a momentary interest and no literary attractiveness. "Caught by the Turks" seems to us to have surprisingly little significance. The writer makes a tiresome attempt at "fine writing," but tells us nothing of consequence. The story neither attracts, holds attention, or informs. Owen Wister in the preface says: "In this tale are laughter, horror, adventure and a lively spirit that makes the best of everything." We confess that we failed to find these. Perhaps other readers will fare better.

FREDERICK STARR.

SERVITORS.

I shall not let a sorrow die
Until I find the heart of it,
Nor let a wordless joy go by
Until it talks with me a bit;
And the ache my body knows
Shall teach me more than to another,
I shall look deep at mire and rose
Until each one becomes my brother.

Of my spirit and my flesh
I shall net myself a mesh,
Drawing the web both close and fine
To snare all things therein, until
They yield their secret to my will;
And if a proud high heart is mine,
Good luck and ill luck both will be
Equal servitors to me.

The Bookman. —*Sara Teasdale.*

Fine Art is that in which the hand, the head, and the *heart* of man go together. Recollect this triple group; it will help you to solve many difficult problems.—*John Ruskin.*

NEWS FROM EUROPE

"O WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US."

From the London *Herald* we glean the following:

Sensational accounts of the treatment his comrades are receiving at the hands of capitalists and the government in America were given by Mr. George Hardy of the I. W. W., addressing a meeting in Trafalgar Square yesterday afternoon.

He told of men imprisoned under laws passed after they were arrested, and men and women shot by the "gunmen" of the capitalists, and of the deportation of 1,134 miners from Arizona to New Mexico.

During the first ten months of last year, he said, there were 63 lynchings of I. W. W. men, and 11 of them were actually burned at the stake.

The I. W. W. was accused of a policy of violence aiming to overthrow the present form of society. Denying the first charge, Mr. Hardy said it was always the possessing classes who were the first to resort to violence. It was, however, perfectly true that the I. W. W. wanted to do away with the present capitalist system.

ENGLISHMEN IN U. S. PRISONS.

The chairman (Mr. Jack Tanner) referred to the latest news of the arrest of 4,500 "Extremists" in America and the intention to deport them. He also said that among those already undergoing imprisonment in America were a number of Englishmen, including Charles Ashley (London), Sam Scarlett (A. S. E., Glasgow), Ted Fraser (Birmingham), J. Oates (Cleator Moor) and Dick Brazier (Manchester).

The meeting carried with enthusiasm a resolution, moved by Mr. David Ramsay, protesting against the "persecutions, murders and other detestable actions of the capitalist classes of the United States," and calling upon the British government to make diplomatic representations.

We are indebted to the *Manchester Guardian* for the following interesting facts:

A Hebrew Poetry Prize.

The education department of the Zionist organization has received £500 from Mr. James de Rothschild for the purpose of instituting the Deborah prize for Hebrew poetry at the Hebrew University at Jerusalem. The interest on this sum is to be given once every three years as a prize to the student who shall have composed the best Hebrew poems during that period.

XVI Century Newspapers.

This report comes from Berlin:

The German Museum of Books and Manuscripts in Leipzig has organized an exhibition relating to the historical development of the newspaper, from the time of the written newspaper—the method of the sixteenth century—down to the appearance of the weekly newspapers and to the achievements of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Among the newspapers of the sixteenth century are some relating to great discoveries, partly originals and partly facsimiles. Included in the exhibits are a letter from Columbus, written in the year 1493, regarding the discovery of America, a newspaper of 1508, which records the discovery of Brazil, and one of 1521, which mentions the discovery of Yucatan.

A Chair of American History.

Lord Glenconner announced at a luncheon, under the auspices of the Sulgrave Institution, that Sir George Watson had given $100,000 (nominally £20,000) to establish a traveling professorship in American history for the various universities of the United Kingdom.

High Educational Ideals in Russia.

"The whole country should be covered with a network of elementary schools for adults who cannot read and write, and for such as can do so only slightly. There must be no illiterates in Communist Russia," writes N. K. Ulyanova (the wife of Lenin) in the current interesting issue of the *Socialist Reveiew.*

THE FIELD

The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES IN CHICAGO.

It will be a long time before those who were privileged to attend any of the five Chicago lectures given by Mr. Holmes last week will lose the inspiration there received or cease to be grateful for the renewal of courage and power his strong fearless personality imparts as inevitably and invigoratingly as the sun gives warmth and light. In these times of governmental repression, of the blight of fear upon the public mind and speech, of timid and vacillating public leaders afraid of telling the "truth they needs must think," it is indeed refreshing and inspiring to see such a man,—calm, determined, unafraid, a free soul, strong to declare himself still on the side of the oppressed, still dedicated uncompromisingly to the service of peace and freedom and justice.

The two minor meetings—minor only in point of size, not of interest—the luncheon with the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the Woman's Peace Party Group at the residence of Miss Ella Boynton, afforded excellent opportunity for discussion of the problems growing out of the war and the needs of reconstruction.

The Committee of Forty-Eight gathered a large audience at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on Friday evening which insisted on staying for discussion until a late hour. Mr. Holmes pointed out the utter inadequacy of the Democratic and Republican parties to represent any longer the will of the American people or to aid in the reconstruction, now inevitable, of the economic and political order. He emphasized the program of the Committee of Forty-Eight to unite all the liberal forces of the country, both individuals and organizations, such as the Labor Party, the Single Taxers, the Non-Partisan League, the Socialists, etc., upon one platform to be created and adopted by them all and in support of one group of candidates whom all could trust—that we may have here as in England, a conservative, and a liberal, or opposition, party.

Mr. Holmes is particularly successful in Forum work, and the fairness and thoroughness with which he answers each question, never dodging any issue but meeting squarely and completely each point as it arises, can but commend him even to those who differ from his conclusions. His well-known position as a non-resistant leads him now to oppose strikes and all kinds of "direct" or "mass" action as forms of violence that are morally and ethically almost as indefensible as war, even while he admits the legality of the strike and deplores all efforts to make it illegal. Just as his position of absolute pacifism during the war brought against him the entirely undeserved charge of being "pro-German," so the non-resistant stand, carried to this extreme, will doubtless bring upon him the equally false charge of being pro-capital and anti-labor. Needless to say he will be swayed from his position as little in the one case as he was in the other.

His Sunday morning sermon held the unusually large congregation at All Souls Church breathless for more than an hour. Under the topic of "Religion and the New Democracy," he outlined the fundamental democracy of the teachings of Jesus and of the early church, its suppression during the dark period from its Romanization until the Reformation, the undemocratic and unChristian wranglings and competitions of the innumerable Protestant denominations, which have so unduly emphasized the individualist part of Jesus' teaching of freedom and so lamentably minimized the social portion of that program. In closing he presented a vivid picture of what the church of the future, freed from the extravagances and competitive activities of denominational life, can do for the community and for the cause of democracy in its newer and more social forms.

The crowning meeting of the series was the one on Monday night when Mr. Holmes addressed the annual meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored people. As Dr. Bentley well said in closing the meeting, "as a great masterpiece of the painter's art is hung in a place by itself, so that address stands alone in the list of the association's annual meetings."

The large auditorium of the Wendell Phillips High School was packed to the doors, the galleries and platform crowded and people standing everywhere—an audience made up chiefly of colored people but with many well-known white persons also present. If there is still any one left who feels that Mr. Holmes is "coldly intellectual" or "an outside sympathizer" with the oppressed masses, white or black, such a person was not at this meeting. It is, indeed, doubtful if any colored man suffers more acutely at contemplating the wrongs of his race, or understands more accurately the causes of their sufferings than does this white brother of the race. Certainly far too few white people feel his sense of utter shame and humiliation at the thought of the unspeakable wrongs the white race has inflicted and is daily inflicting upon the black race.

The response of the great audience, their love and friendliness toward him, the eagerness and quickness with which they caught every point, the enthusiasm with which they rose and cheered and even sought to touch him as he passed among them on his way from the platform was an experience which he, as well as they, can never forget. The brilliant delivery of Lincoln's Gettysburg address by a young colored lad, the tender, beautiful and all-inclusive invocation by the Rev. Robinson, pastor of St. Mark's colored Episcopal Church, the fine musical numbers—all added greatly to the value of the meeting. Judge E. O. Brown presided, and Dr. C. E. Bentley, a long-time member of All Souls Church, directed most efficiently the rais-

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The Successor of Madame de Thébes.

When the famous Mme. de Thébes died all Paris mourned its prophetess, and the future grew dark and impenetrable; but now, I see, Mme. de Thélème has come forward, and Paris is smiling happily again. Not only has France regained a prophet, but Everything Is Going To Be All Right, and Mme. de Thélème has securely established herself in her predecessor's shoes. This is how she has done it. She has predicted that Russian Bolshevism is going to end; so, by May, is unrest in France; no revolutions will affect the French economic situation, but America will be faced with grave, social troubles. Could anything be more commercially auspicious?

Macaulay on Bolshevism.

A new name for an old complaint. From the *Manchester Guardian*:

We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a revolution was necessary. The violence of these outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people; and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will always be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. Thus it was in our own Civil War. The heads of the Church and State reaped only what they had sown. The government had prohibited free discussion; it had done its best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. Their retribution was just and natural. If our rulers suffered from popular ignorance it was because they thmeslves had taken away the key of knowledge.—Macaulay's Essay on Milton.

The Sufferings of the German Prisoners in France.

Common Sense (London) gives us the following:

Prince Max of Baden's Open Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of the German prisoners in France was printed in the *Manchester Guardian* of Tuesday, December 30. Prince Max states that, according to the latest communication from the French government, 400,000 German prisoners are still to be kept as hostages. Their situation, he says, is desperate; some months ago many could have been saved who have since died, a great number are broken in body and spirit beyond recovery. France claims that she needs the prisoners to rebuild destroyed areas. The German labor organizations are willing and able, says the letter, to provide the necessary substitutes; moreover, volunteers from all classes would be willing to take their places. The state of mind of the prisoners' families at home is terrible: "Almost every German has personal knowledge of cases of fathers and mothers with nothing more in life than the hope of seeing their sons again." Prince Max appeals to the archbishop as a leader of Christianity in the entente countries. "All other means have failed. There is no power on earth willing and able to enforce right and equity in international dealings. H. S. N.

ing of funds for the work of the association.

It is as impossible to report such a meeting as to reproduce an Angelo; a few sentences must suffice. Needless to say, Mr. Holmes did not commit the all too common error of speakers who address colored audiences of descending to what they imagine to be the level of the audience. He knew the audience was on his own level, "equals and brothers, all," and he lifted them still higher.

As an important factor in racial difficulties, on the side of the white man, Mr. Holmes denounced the senseless and irrational race prejudice, based not on the impulses of soul or spirit, but on fears, ignorances and superstitions, and stirred by propaganda, a prejudice which he said it was no credit to him to be entirely unable to imagine, since his early New England home training had been quite without such prejudice. Other factors in the problem from the side of his own race he found to be economic competition between the races, and the curious and false psychology which regards anything different from itself as something inferior and to be hated.

With great hesitation and timidity, he spoke of the colored point of view on this question. He referred to the background of generations of slavery and oppression which the black race has suffered at the hands of the white race, and which consciously or unconsciously forms a part of the colored man's psychology; and the more recent background of fifty years of freedom. He outlined the race's splendid record made in that brief fifty years, their great leaders, their unprecedented achievements, the startling contrast between the black man of 1866 and the black man of today, and declared that this progress demonstrates beyond all question that the charge that he is of an inferior race is one of the most damnable lies in history. He challenged the historians to find any record of any race to equal that record.

He characterized as intensely dramatic the present moment of the coming into full racial self-consciousness of a great, incomparable people, and the fact of this moment being coincident with the outbreak of a war declared to be for the purpose of making the world safe for democracy. "The war," he said, "put the colored race on an equality with the white: it conscripted them; it gave them the privilege of subscribing like the white man to liberty bonds. The war is over. You have returned to the republic you served and saved. Duties involve privileges. Men capable of dying for their country must be deemed worthy of voting for their country. Recent events have aroused a new spirit within you. You have thrown off the memory of your slavery. And it is in no sense as a threat or a menace but merely as a statement of fact that I say: "Woe to my people and to my country if we do not know the spirit that is in your hearts and your resolve to be faithful to this democracy. Woe to us if we allow men in high office to insult you by talking of 'Reds' and 'agitators' who are stirring up unrest among you, as if we had not committed sins enough to stir unrest without the aid of any Bolshevist agitator!"

The speaker outlined three things to be avoided:

First, by the white race, all forms of repression of the racial dreams and visions and desires of the colored race.

Second, any withdrawal of the colored race from economic and political radicalism, education in which he declared to be one of their great needs.

Third, any withdrawal from association with the white race or any consent even to "voluntary segregation" all dreams of which are mere phantasmagoria of empty minds.

As three constructive modes of action, Mr. Holmes urged:

First. Common participation in the labor struggle which tends to eliminate the color line and unite all in the common battle against wage slavery which threatens black and white alike.

Second. Constant political activity as a method of righting wrongs, despite such discouragements as are presented by the refusal of the New York legislature to seat five duly elected representatives of the people, and other similar wrongs. The speaker deplored, as he had done on all previous occasions, the present tendency to discredit political action and to resort to direct action to carry out the will of the people. The recent prohibition victory, he believes conclusive proof that any reform or reconstruction however revolutionary can be accomplished by means of the ballot.

Third. That the colored race shall awaken to the worthlessness of both the old line political parties and recognize that the Democratic party has never wanted to help them and the Republican party has ceased to care about them; and that they shall co-operate with such new, liberal groups as the Committee of Forty-Eight at whose recent national convention a resolution of justice to the colored man was unanimously adopted.

The ultimate solution Mr. Holmes finds in that unconscious comradeship and fellowship illustrated in an incident he witnessed while walking to his church one morning recently. He passed two little girls going to attend the Sunday School of the church. "One was as fair and as beautiful as the day and the other as dark and as beautiful as the night, and they were walking hand in hand and singing together a little Sunday School hymn, in utter love and friendliness and unconsciousness of difference." To this high comradeship, this universal brotherhood, he summons both races.

SUSAN QUACKENBUSH.

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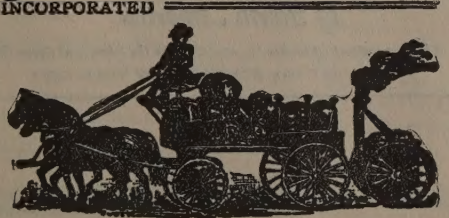
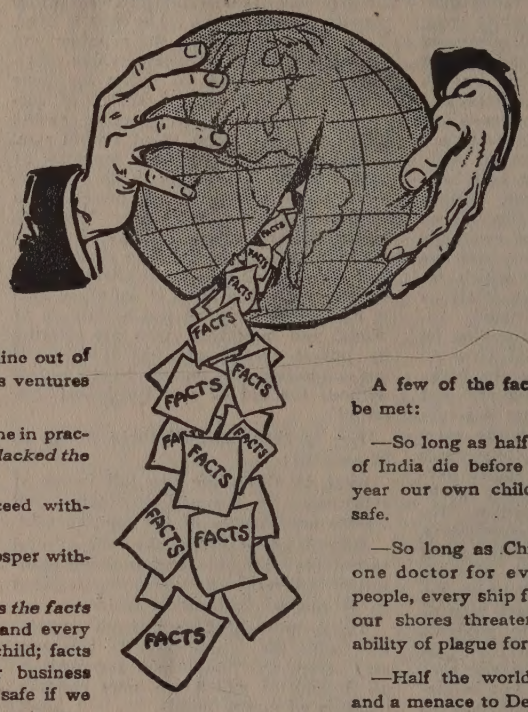


Now the Church Has Taken A Leaf from Successful Business



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